

Will I find my home in you? by Luddleston

Category: Voltron: Legendary Defender

Genre: First Date, First Kiss, Fluff, Kissing in the Rain, M/M

Language: English

Characters: Curtis (Voltron), Shiro (Voltron)

Relationships: Curtis/Shiro (Voltron)

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-02-20

Updated: 2019-02-20

Packaged: 2022-12-19 11:07:09

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,622

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A first date on a foreign planet, a thunderstorm, and the skies clearing afterward.

Sequel to [Lights Out](#), but can be read as a standalone.

Will I find my home in you?

Author's Note:

this is the pettiest fic i've ever written.

wrote this bc someone was an asshole about my first shurtis fic and so I decided the best response would be to WRITE SOME MORE! and also reading and leaving a bunch of nice comments on other peoples' shurtis fics <3

not normally the best way to encourage me to write something, but I was in A Mood

Shiro glanced at the mirror again, and then frowned, fighting a losing battle with his reflection. He hadn't spent this long in front of a mirror since the day they took the publicity photos for the Kerberos launch. Except, on that occasion, he'd been checking to make sure his bangs were even, and now, he was wondering if there was a way to keep the enormous scar across his face from standing out quite so much. Maybe it just looked so much larger because his fingers were framing it, and because he was staring so intensely—no, nope, it actually was quite obtrusive.

It wasn't his largest scar, either, but he wasn't going to worry about the marks on his chest and back, no, he could save that anxiety for the third date at the absolute earliest.

Right. He was getting ready for a date. Rather, he was standing in a towel in front of his bathroom mirror, watching his reflection develop a line between the eyebrows as a trickle of condensation rolled down the mirror. Had he always looked so nervous and awkward? He couldn't remember the last time he had to worry about a first date, so he couldn't determine whether it was just situational, or...

Did he always look like this?

Hm. Technically, if he always looked that way, it was fine, because Curtis had still agreed to go on a date with him... a date that he was going to be seriously late for if he didn't start moving. He tore himself away from the mirror and dressed quickly. He'd already went through the part where he tried to figure out what the hell to wear. Thankfully, his options were limited enough that the decision was easy, even if Shiro still found himself a little self-conscious out of uniform. Somehow, the gigantic floating prosthetic looked even more out of place when he was just dressed in a T-shirt and jeans, but he didn't let himself look in the mirror again for much longer. Just once, to make sure his hair looked alright.

The Atlas was currently docked on a Coalition planet, something which didn't happen often, because they were so busy, and because few places had the facilities to handle the entire Atlas crew at once. This time, though, the planet they had stopped on was some kind of bustling city, sort of like Puig, in a way, with adobe buildings and cobblestone streets, every wall painted a different color, each brighter than the last. Lance had been thrilled, immediately tearing off through the crowded market, proclaiming loudly that it reminded him of Cuba in space.

It was easy to find the meeting place he'd discussed with Curtis earlier, because the building they were meeting in front of was bright fuschia with turquoise spiraled patterns painted all over its surface. It was near-blinding to look at, such a barrage of color that you could very nearly miss one man standing in front of it.

This didn't apply if you were Shiro, however, because he managed to pick Curtis out immediately, his shoulders relaxing when Curtis looked up at him and smiled. Shiro suddenly appreciated the eyesore of a mural behind him, because the bright blues made Curtis's eyes stand out and wow, Shiro really needed to cool it with the romantic nonsense. His internal monologue was starting to sound like Lance.

"Hey," he said, letting the word hang awkwardly in the air. Curtis was leaning against the pink and blue building, hands casually tucked into his pockets, relaxed as could be. Or maybe not so relaxed, with the way his eyes skirted over Shiro as soon as they met, like he was trying to look

without being obvious about it. Shiro knew, because he was doing a similar maneuver himself.

Curtis was dressed like Shiro, in casual clothing, a thin black shirt with long sleeves that had been rolled up past his elbows and a pair of jeans tucked into his uniform boots. He was, as always, effortlessly, unfairly gorgeous. For the first few weeks of the Atlas's voyage, Shiro had tried very hard to convince himself that he kept looking at Curtis because he was jealous of the way the man could actually look *good* in a Garrison uniform.

"You find the place okay?" Curtis asked.

"Hard to miss," Shiro said, once again subjecting himself to the luridly colored building. "So, is this where we're going, or...?"

"No, no, it's further down that way, I just thought, you know, this place would be easier to meet at. The restaurant is a pretty normal color of green, actually."

Oh, thank god.

"Let's go, then, before my eyes start bleeding." Shiro followed Curtis's lead, heart swelling in his chest when his critique of the paint job made Curtis laugh.

The street was crowded, because it was a pleasant day, not too hot, but sunny and beautiful out, and even though it was easy to spot Curtis as the only human among all of the natives, Shiro laid a hand on his back as they walked, to keep them from getting separated. Of course.

"You left the prosthetic at home?" Curtis seemed fine with Shiro's arm around him, although Shiro wasn't sure if he was actually leaning into his side, or if it was just out of necessity, because the street was so busy, they just happened to end up pressed together.

"It felt weird having that float around while I'm out of uniform," Shiro said. "I know I'm kind of recognizable regardless, but..."

"What, don't want everybody on the ship knowing you're dating one of your officers?"

Shiro's hand tightened enough that he could feel the warmth of Curtis's skin through his shirt as a distinct sensation. "I... no, it's not that. Maybe it's that. I don't want to be bothered by. There's a lot of gossip on the ship, and. You know." If he was honest with himself, he would've admitted that half the reason he was going red and rambling was because Curtis had said they were *dating*. Even the thought of that made him feel like he was a sixteen-year-old again, trying to determine the difference between a boy he went on a date with and a boy he was dating.

"I'm just going to accept the fact that if I go literally anywhere with you, Rizavi is going to know right away and she's also going to tell every single person onboard." Curtis shrugged, and readjusted their positioning so that he could take Shiro's hand. "Come on, it's over here."

Shiro refused to blush over holding a man's hand. His body didn't seem to get that memo, though.

The restaurant they arrived at was a bit of a hole in the wall, mostly full of locals, and in that regard, it reminded Shiro of the diner in the little town near the Garrison, which was traditionally frequented by townspeople and could be counted on to be free of Garrison officers. In any other regard, it was nothing like that diner. The food smelled amazing, if unfamiliar, and Shiro eagerly followed Curtis to the counter to squint at the menu and try to determine how and what to order.

This planet was a frequent tourist destination for travelers all across the galaxy, and so they seemed to be used to people puzzling over their menu, and suggested something that seemed to not be the strangest thing Shiro had eaten in his time in outer space. Nothing could be weirder than Coran's cooking, anyway.

They took their meals to go, and headed down the path a little ways longer, chatting about the planet, its populace, anything Shiro could think to say. If he was quiet for too long, his brain would go off on some track of, *wait, am*

I doing something weird? Was that a normal thing to say? How do you date, again?

"Here! It's right over here," Curtis said, leading Shiro out to a small outcropping overlooking a forested area below. There was a rickety railing separating them from a drop straight into the tree canopy, and a couple of makeshift benches that were sized to fit the aliens of this planet, which were about the size of a seven-year-old human. "I found this place yesterday," Curtis said, leaning on the railing carelessly, eyes scanning the horizon as he watched the scenery while he ate.

"You're lucky, I didn't manage to get off the ship at all yesterday," Shiro said. The Atlas landing on a new planet meant there were hours of landing protocols to go through, to make sure everyone was accounted for and the planet was safe for humans, et cetera, et cetera.

"Oh god, as soon as they gave the all-clear to leave the ship, I was *out* of there." There was a breeze blowing up across the overlook, and it ruffled Curtis's hair. He looked nice like this, relaxed, at home, even though he was far from it. "I mean, the Atlas is an enormous craft, but you still start to feel cooped up after a while."

"Believe me, I know." Shiro leaned on the railing next to him carefully, leaving a measured distance between them. Close, but without contact. "I felt that way on the Altean castle, and it was bigger than the Atlas—and less crowded."

"You can't complain about that! You don't have to share a room with anybody." Curtis elbowed him in the arm. "No complaints about having to live in close quarters until you've gotta sleep through Iverson's snoring."

Shiro laughed, shoving a hand over his mouth to hide the snort on the tail end of it. "I've actually, uh, woken myself up snoring before."

"God, really?"

He nodded. "I never did before this, but..." he rubbed the scar on his nose, remembering trying to ignore it in the mirror that morning. "I think I

screwed up something in my sinuses or... I dunno. It's not like I've had somebody look at it, but I, according to Keith, snore loud enough to wake the dead, now."

"Well, good thing I've got practice sleeping through Iverson," Curtis said. It made Shiro imagine sharing a bed with him, which, in turn, made Shiro blush uncontrollably. He was glad he hadn't been eating at that exact moment, or he might've choked.

Both of them finished their food in companionable silence, and Shiro may have drifted a little closer to Curtis, or Curtis may have drifted a little closer to him. In any case, by the time they finished lunch, they were pressed together, shoulder-to-shoulder, and the sun, which had been high above them, was being covered by clouds.

"Looks like rain," Curtis said.

"Yeah. We should probably head back," Shiro agreed.

Curtis turned to face him, one hand resting on Shiro's side. "I don't want to... not yet."

He was inches away.

God, his eyes were beautiful.

Was this the part where Shiro was supposed to kiss him? He felt like it was, but his heart was caught in his chest along with his breath, and he was frozen in place, half-panicked, half wishing this would last forever.

The moment broke, not because Shiro turned away but because Curtis leaned in, ducking his head to kiss Shiro softly. He backed off immediately, only for Shiro to chase him, his hand on the back of Curtis's neck to pull him in.

They kissed until they started to feel raindrops glancing off their shoulders and faces, only a force of nature able to pull them apart. "You... you were right about the rain," Shiro said, still unable to breathe evenly. Both of

Curtis's arms were still around him, one across his shoulders and the other around his waist.

"Yeah, I—oh, holy shit."

That was about when the rain turned into a downpour. It soaked them both in an instant, even as they ran for shelter, hand-in-hand again, shouting as they splashed through quickly-forming puddles. They ran back into town, which was entirely empty, the open-air market stalls closed up, the restaurant's doors shut. Curtis dragged Shiro under an alcove between two buildings, the alleyway hardly large enough to admit one grown man, let alone two. It left them pressed together, and Shiro wasn't sure if they were even closer than they'd been when they were kissing or if he was just more aware of it when they were both soaking wet.

His clothes stuck to him uncomfortably and he pulled at his shirt, trying to wring some of it out but not quite succeeding. Curtis pushed his wet hair out of his face, then brushed Shiro's back as well. Both of them were still breathing hard from their run back into the city, and Curtis was laughing between breaths.

"So, I may have forgot that our briefing mentioned something about... this place has a thunderstorm every afternoon."

Shiro leaned his head back against the plaster wall, this one painted a dark midnight purple. "You don't say."

"Yeah, all the shops close up for it and everything." Curtis was close enough that Shiro could feel him shift, plucking at his soaked collar. The water made his shirt cling to his chest and his arms, and Shiro found some sudden appreciation for the storm. "It only lasts about twenty minutes to half an hour," he said.

Shiro paused for a beat, but before he could convince himself he was being a hopeless romantic and that this was a terrible idea, he squeezed out of the alcove, pulling a bemused Curtis along with him, back into the downpour. The rainwater was summer-warm and thunder rumbled distantly, off in the direction of the forest.

"What are you doing?" Curtis asked, loud so he could be heard over the rain.

"I've always wanted to kiss somebody in the rain," Shiro said, and pulled him in again.

Kissing somebody in the rain didn't go like it did in movies. In reality, it was messy, far wetter than kissing was usually supposed to be, and when the thunder crashed again, louder this time, Shiro jolted with it and nearly split Curtis's lip open. Somehow, though, it was better than Shiro had been imagining, like the two of them were the only people in a world full of a storm. The empty town square faded into the distant part of his mind and all he could focus on was the feeling of the rain on his skin and Curtis's fingers curling into his soaking wet T-shirt to pull him closer.

The rain eased, Shiro's eyes opened, and the clouds parted directly behind Curtis's head, like the sun was a halo and wow, Shiro found himself dangerously close to a pickup line about angels and falling from heaven that he thought he'd heard Lance use.

Doors started to open around the square as the townspeople went about their daily ritual, the spell around them breaking, but Curtis kissed him one more time anyway. He tasted like rainwater.

"So. I think some dry clothes are in order," Curtis said, shifting in place. "My *shoes* are soaked. Ugh."

Shiro once again tried unsuccessfully to wring out his shirt. "Worth it."

"Yeah. Yeah, definitely worth it."

As they walked back to the Atlas, they no longer awkwardly brushed shoulders, just walked to the beat of their companionable conversation, Curtis's arm around Shiro's shoulders. He would've returned the gesture, but his right arm was still deactivated on his bedside table. As they boarded the ship again, Shiro realized his heart was racing like they were still trying to outrun the thunderstorm.

This time, though, it had less to do with the weather and more to do with the man next to him.

Author's Note:

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